

# JEAN ELIOT'S LETTER

## A Chronicle of Society



**M**Y DEAR SUSAN:

If you just knew how delighted I was when your letter came saying you really would be able to spend a few days in Washington next week, before you sail away to Europe for the summer, why, you'd just find such letters more often. How can I wait for you to get here? Anyway, I'll tell you the news to date, and then, when you get here—

Probably you'll be a little surprised to know that Minnie Stone and Arthur Foraker walked off to Baltimore and were married Thursday at noon. They took Pauline, Virginia Hammond, and one or two other folks into their confidence in the morning, and the little party accompanied them and witnessed the ceremony, and were their guests at a luncheon later at the Belvedere. They left afterward for a motor trip to Philadelphia, Atlantic City, and Bryn Mawr, where Arthur's brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. King Wainwright, reside.

Well, you know Minnie never did care much about making a big ado over things, and she would not have a formal debut nor a fussy wedding—and I do not blame her a great deal.

Quite often I see Congressman and Mrs. Caleb Powers in the Capitol Park. Mrs. Powers walks to the Capitol, frequently in the morning with Mr. Powers, and they usually take an early start and walk all the way around. They feed the squirrels and take the greatest interest in the trees and flowers, and have the best sort of time generally. She is very attractive, and they are just like a boy and a girl together.

No, Mrs. Ansberry, wife of the member from Ohio, is not going abroad this year. She is going to remain right here in Washington until after Congress adjourns, and then she and Mr. Ansberry will go to New Hampshire, where they have taken a bungalow somewhere in the mountains. According to Mrs. Ansberry, the place is not near anywhere, but West Springfield comes nearer to the nearest place than anywhere else, and I suppose that is the postoffice. Anyway, it is one of those beautiful mountain places where there is little else to do but sleep, eat, motor, and read. And, come to think of it, who would want more, I would not, especially in New Hampshire. I'd be willing to pass up all sorts of amusements and entertainments to spend the summer up there.

There is a ghost of a chance for me to get to Newport this summer. Usually I do not believe in ghosts, but I have some faith in this particular ghost of a chance. Whether it is to merely pass through or to stay for a little visit I do not know, but whichever it might be, there is one thing I want to see if I do not see anything else in the place. And that is the new bungalow the former Assistant Secretary of State and Mrs. Huntington Wilson have just completed. I've heard of this bungalow until I'm sure I'll recognize it from afar. It is located on Ocean Drive, and one of the especial features is the arrangement of the baths, which are attached to every bedroom suite, with entrances from both outside and inside, thereby affording the use of the rooms after a dip in the surf. Flagstone walks lead to the private beach directly in front of the bungalow. Now that is my idea of a seashore home.

Another innovation which I hear is attracting all sorts of attention is the roof tiling. It was imported from Ohio, having been removed from two houses whose respective ages were far over the century mark. Those who have seen it say it resembles old copper, partly burnished, and Mrs. Wilson, in arranging for the purchase of the tiling, was obliged to recover the roofs of the Ohio houses with slate.

Susan, I told you I was keeping tabs on the places where I saw the wild strawberry blossoms. I went out Saturday afternoon and gathered oodles of them and they were so good!

Now the hedges and road edges are just smothered with masses of honeysuckle, and it is all in bloom and so fragrant. Ask Ruth about it some time.

To quote one of the debutantes, "Every one but the kitchen stove" was at Annapolis some time this week. Either the game, or the hop, or the graduating exercises, or all, attracted old and young.

Mrs. Elmer Black chaperoned a large party, and so did Mrs. Crosley.

One of the boys who took a party down in his machine one day had a sad time. Upon the return trip, like most good-natured folks, they picked up several extra guests, and the machine was completely covered with boys.

and girls. Hardly a running gear or wheel was anywhere visible. Anyway, the party got more or less hilarious and speeded. They were stopped, and, as there was not the price of the fine in the party, the host had to forfeit his machine, and they tramped into town very, very early the next morning.

One afternoon recently I was with a party of folks driving out along the Frederick pike, and a gust of wind took the baby's white pique cap along with it, depositing it in the middle of the road several hundred feet away. Before we had time to go back for it the White House car whisked along at a speed which eventually got them arrested before they got to Washington, and I do believe they picked up the cap, for when we went back it was gone. If the President could have seen Bobby, he would rather have had him than the cap, I know.

And this all reminds me to tell you that I saw Agnes and Guy Marean Wednesday evening with a party leaving the Potomac boathouse for a camp supper up on the Virginia shore. I rather imagine it was in celebration of Agnes' father's birthday, for both her mother and father and her brother and sisters were along. Mr. and Mrs. Marean and their three little tots got back to Washington from Mexico over a month ago.

I ran across Edith Gracie the other day just as she had returned from Annapolis. She had come back for one of the several weddings of the week. She is going up for the Princeton-Yale game, motoring with some folks from Philadelphia. Then, early in July, she expects to go on a yachting trip with some folks to Newport and Bar Harbor. During the summer she will visit Agra Bennett, now Mrs. Johnson McKinley, and in September she will visit Mrs. Henry D. Flood at their Virginia place. Sounds like a mighty pleasant sort of a summer to me.

You know, Susan, I do believe you are engaged and won't own it. Please fess up. I won't whisper a word. Of course, I know you never can tell about these things. Why, look at Marjorie Edson. She was visiting up in Hartford, Conn., and some one gave a dinner for her. The host rather informally invited Hugh Armstrong, who was an old friend of hers, and he said he didn't think he could come. He was not particularly interested in little debutantes. Well, he came, and the wedding took place on Wednesday in St. Thomas.

You ought to see Minnie Stone Foraker's engagement ring. It is a beauty, and if Arthur Foraker designed it, he is an artist. It is of platinum, set with three square-shaped diamonds rather sideways. It is unusual, but so good-looking.

Susan, I've had more good laughs over a funny little thing that happened to one of Marjorie Edson's bridesmaids at one of the dinner parties that preceded the wedding. One of the very good-looking out-of-town ushers paid courtly attention to this very handsome brunette maid, and she just was having the best sort of a flirtation. He spoke most often of "Laddie" and said he wished Laddie would have come down, and finally the maid asked who Laddie might be. He remarked, in a tone that expressed surprise that she did not already know: "Why, my wife, of course." Well, it does beat all, doesn't it?

You remember Reginald Kennard, that attractive-looking Boston man who sojourned here for several months during the winter? Well, I heard a rather sad piece of news about him today. No, he isn't married; not even engaged. It isn't love that is directly responsible for his trouble, although Cupid might have had some part in the matter. Reggie was motoring to Boston from New York the other day, and while nearing the center of the world's learning was run into by a big touring car carrying a ton of saturated Yale students. The Kennard car was demolished and Reggie suffered painful bruises and contusions. His beauty is not permanently marred, however, so cheer up.

You can say what you please, Susan, about who is the most talked-of person in social circles, but I believe that Mrs. Vernon Castle, of dance fame, comes in for her very large share. Really, when the news got about that Mrs. Castle had been operated upon recently for appendicitis every one was genuinely concerned.

And speaking of dancing, I never have seen such packed cars as were loaded for Glen Echo every night this week. It seems that every one is dancing out there this season. I certainly must go out. Remember the time Maude lost her best Sunday new hat out there going down on the "dip"? Wasn't it funny?



MISS NATALIE DRIGGS.

Natalie Driggs and her mother are going to desert Jamestown this summer. They have been members of the summer colony there for several years and enthusiastic about the place, but this year, with the ships in Mexican waters, Natalie says it bids fair to be decidedly stupid, so they are off for pastures new. They expect to remain in Washington as long as the cool weather lasts, then go North to some as yet undecided place, to stay till the middle of July, when Magnolia will claim them for the rest of the summer.

'Course Margaret Wilson is a very human and natural sort of a girl. Someone was telling me just today a story proving that. It seems as if Elena Kirmes, the Aborn opera singer who appeared in "La Boheme" and "Martha" at the National this week, is an old friend of Margaret's, and she has certainly not lacked attentions this week. Early in the week Margaret, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. William Hitt, occupied a box, and at intermission they went back, and then later in the week Margaret had another box party, taking her guests back to meet Miss Kirmes.

Flowers by the ton have adorned the singer's dressing room, and clusters of American Beauty roses from the White House have been handed over the footlights most often.

Once, in New York, I believe it was, Margaret Wilson was having luncheon somewhere, and Miss Kirmes came into the dining room, and, spying her, joined her. When the waiter presented the check, the President's daughter was amazed to discover that she had not enough coin to pay it. She calmly borrowed from Miss Kirmes, whom she had invited to be her guest. Then another time when Margaret Wilson was visiting behind the scenes, she and Miss Kirmes became so engaged in a conversation that the singer failed to heed the call bell, and the time for the curtain was almost there before they realized it. Miss Wilson just pulled off her gloves and played maid to Miss Kirmes, and she was dressed in time, but with little to spare.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Armat are busy now closing their town home and opening their suburban place at Klinge road and Rock Creek Park. "Greystone," as the place is called, is so attractive. Mr. Armat, you know, Susan, is a pioneer in the moving pic-

ture business. He made inventions that were the very beginning of it all, and we should not forget Mr. Armat when we find so much pleasure in the movies. The Armatos are Virginians.

And speaking of Virginians, the Floods, whose honeymoon was so unromantically cut short by the Mexican war business, are taking it in instalments now, usually over the week-ends. Last week they went down to Mr. Flood's home at Appomattox.

There is a certain young engineer at the Washington Barracks whose attentions are beginning to be considered a valuable asset. It seems he has this winter paid attention to three separate and distinct girls, and now each and all of them are married or about to be married—to other men. Marjorie Edson was one of his flames, but I didn't glean the names of the other two.

I heard a girl talking the other day about a dinner she gave at Chevy Chase, when each man invited came to her separately and asked to be put next to one of her guests, a debutante of next season. She went on to say that the girl was so attractive and had such a confiding way of saying to each man with whom she danced, "Oh, do please break in and rescue me; the rest of these men bore me so." Now, the question in her mind—and mine, too—is what will happen when the men get together.

But, after all, it is possible to "get away" with that sort of thing to a surprising degree. I knew a group of navy doctors here several years ago who had a regular code, and never yet have I met a man from Baltimore who did not tell you exactly the same thing, while, on inquiry, I would find that he had whispered the same sweet nothings to at least every other girl in the room.

It is a shame, though, to so debase the gentle art of "jollyng." If done discreetly, with a due regard for the personality of the man or woman in question, it is possible to say something nice to each person in the room and never say the same thing twice. That requires real cleverness, however, and few people will take the trouble.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Scott Smith—Mabel's folks—departed this morning for Portsmouth, N. H., where they are going to visit their son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Dan Marcy, for a while before opening their

place at Rye North Beach. The rest of the family will go up later. Mabel is too busy playing in the tennis tournament at the country club now to go, anyway.

I had quite a little chat on Wednesday with Mrs. George Wade Martin, "as was Stephanie Trescott." She was then in a hurry seeing to the moving of her family the following day to Blue Ridge Summit, Pa., where they have taken a cottage for the summer. You see, Lieutenant Martin is in Vera Cruz and her brother-in-law, Lieut. Philip Torrey, is attached to the New York, so the girls decided to come back near home for the summer and be with their mother, Mrs. Stephen Trescott. Stephanie is accompanied by her five-month-old baby, Charles Worthington Martin, named for his grandfather, and Bessie has her two little tots with her. She has a boy and girl; three years and eighteen months are their respective ages. Such a dandy time as the girls and their little families could have if the sailor husbands could only get here.

Of course, I've not had a dip in it myself, but they do tell me that Mr. and Mrs. Hennen Jennings had a bathing pool built as a feature of the home they gave Katherine when she and Chauncey Hackett were married, recently. It is made of marble, with gorgeous ornamentation, and is said to have cost \$20,000.

Just think of little Esther Cleveland wearing her grandmother's gown to be presented at the Court of St. James! I know she must have looked attractive. Her grandmother, as Miss Harmon, wore the same gown over fifty years ago, when she was presented to Queen Victoria. It is made of Venetian point lace along very simple lines, and must have contrasted strangely with the gowns of today.

And just think of the suffragette causing a furore at court!

Do you remember Jack MacMurray? He is now in Peking, attached to the legation there, and seems to be having a wonderful time. His latest "stunt" is the renting of a temple in the hills, where he expects to pass the summer and where his mother and Ethel are going to visit him. They left recently for China, but are going via Europe and the Suez Canal, so will be some time en route.

This has been wedding week with a vengeance! Three took place in St. Thomas' Church in two days, Marjorie Edson's, Louise Robertson's, and Nellie Davidson's. Marie Davidson was married the same day as Nellie, and Ruth Bowie, Nannie Hull, and Sara Barney were all Washington brides of this week. Then there was Dagny Nelson's wedding, at Annapolis; Leonie Broadhead's, at Bethlehem, Pa., and Martha Bacon, who chose Westbury, L. I., in which to be married.

ried. Of course, there were men concerned in all these weddings. They may, as a general thing, be quite important personages—but they don't count much at the wedding, do they?

And I hear that in one day 310 marriage licenses were issued in New York!

Sara Barney's marriage to Joseph Brady took place under rather interesting circumstances. She has been a pupil at the Holton-Arms School, and when she decided to be married in Washington Mrs. Holton offered her house. Then, Mr. Brady is the son, by a former marriage, of Sara's stepfather.

As I came down Sixteenth street the other evening Ethel Norris waved at me, but I didn't realize she was waving good-bye for a good long time. She sailed a few days later for Europe with the Harvey Carrolls, and may not be back for a year. Dr. Carroll has been made consul at Venice, and Ethel, who is a great friend of Mrs. Carroll, will make their home her headquarters during an extended stay abroad. She has a lovely voice, and will doubtless devote some time to its cultivation before her return. Nancy Johnson sailed with Ethel and the Carrolls, but will probably leave them later on to visit relatives in Germany.

A little bird has just fluttered in with the interesting rumor of Anne Darsie's engagement to a Washington man. You know she is the girl from Pittsburgh who has visited Frances Miller so often since her debut and with whom Frances has spent so much time, both at home and on wonderful automobile trips. The engagement isn't announced yet, but my little bird had it on pretty good authority and I don't mind telling you that the man's name begins with an S. There, that will set you guessing, and I suspect you will be calling me names. Anne Darsie is a striking looking girl, dark and rather tall, a distinct contrast to Frances, with her tiny slim figure and splendid red hair.

If I hope to attend the garden party which the Secretary of State and Mrs. Bryan are giving this afternoon, for the Secretary of the Treasury and Mrs. McAdoo, I must run along now, Susan, and get dressed. After the reception I depart with some folks for a trip away up in Maryland, to stay over Sunday—if it doesn't rain.

I'm so glad you are really coming down, and, come to think of it, dear, I'd be even more delighted to see you if you find room in your bag for a box of my favorite chocolates. Boston, my Rye Beach on the New Hampshire coast, and chocolates all mean the same thing—happy memories.

Until you get here,  
Au Revoir,

*Jean Eliot*  
Saturday afternoon.

**Leverton's**  
1106 G Street  
THE HOUSE OF FASHION

### Big Annual June Dress Sale

Over three thousand models await your selection—Crepes—Organdies—Linen—Lingeries. Exceptionally fine dresses at \$5.95, \$7.95, and \$10. Handsome models at \$15, \$19, and \$25. Dainty silk dresses—\$9.50 and \$25—were \$18—\$40.

### White Tunic Skirts—All the Rage

Tremendous stock of them here in Crepes and Imported Ratines.  
\$2.95—\$3.95—\$5

### Largest and Most Popular Waist Department in the City

A great profusion of dainty, fluffy blouses. Jap Silks, Crepes, and "Volles"—\$1.98 and \$2.98. Values, \$3 and \$5.

### Great Clearance Sale of Suits

Five hundred smart and stunning styles. Suits for now and early fall wear. All materials—all colors—all sizes. Seldom are opportunities like this offered.

\$22 and \$25 Suits..... \$9  
\$30 and \$35 Suits..... \$15  
\$40 and \$45 Suits..... \$19

These sensational prices are less than the cost of materials.